MUSIC FOR VOICE AND GUITAR

Elsie Hepburn, soprano
John Armstrong, guitar

Tuesday, October 15, 1985, 8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall
University of Alberta

PROGRAM

Awake, Sweet Love Dear, If You Change	John Dowland (1562-1626)
Folk Song Arrangements, vol. 6 I Will Give my Love an Apple Sailor-boy Master Kilby The Soldier and the Sailor Bonny at Morn The Shooting of his Dear	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

--PAUSE--

An die Musik II Antemusic Viola An die Musik Syrinx Antimusic	John Armstrong (b. 1952)
Wilt Thou, Unkind, thus Reave Me Farewell, Unkind, Farewell	John Dowland

--INTERMISSION--

Now Cease, My Wandering Eyes Weep You No More, Sad Fountains	John Dowland
Songs from the Chinese The Big Chariot The Old Lute The Autumn Wind The Herd-Boy Depression Dance Song	Benjamin Britten
If My Complaints Come Again, Sweet Love	John Dowland

I ("Antemusic") and V ("Antimusic")

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it: that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough, no more!
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

William Shakespeare

II ("Viola")

Viola--
Even the name must be savoured,
spoken slowly with long vowels and soft consonances.

Sculpted from dark wood,
shaped with hot irons into warm curves,
her music beckons with a siren's trill--
each listener drawn to his own
entrancement.

III ("An die Musik")

What's the difference between art
and spectator sport?
In both, the audience expresses itself
vicariously.

Hearing a symphony can be as wonderful as writing one--
depending, of course, on the listener
and the composer,
for example--me
and Mozart.

Why is it that every time I write a piece,
Mozart--now dead almost 200 years--
improves more than I do?

IV ("Syrinx")

Whispering softly
with dreadful nuance,
the ruby-low notes seduce,
caressing gently as they fall.

This is the sound of love--
first coy,
then sure,
then glorious.
Nimble and confident it rises,
higher and higher,
to climax in glittering argent.

Silver rings shimmering in the air,
then fades
to yet another
exquisite
silence.

John Armstrong